Hard to Handle

No. 2

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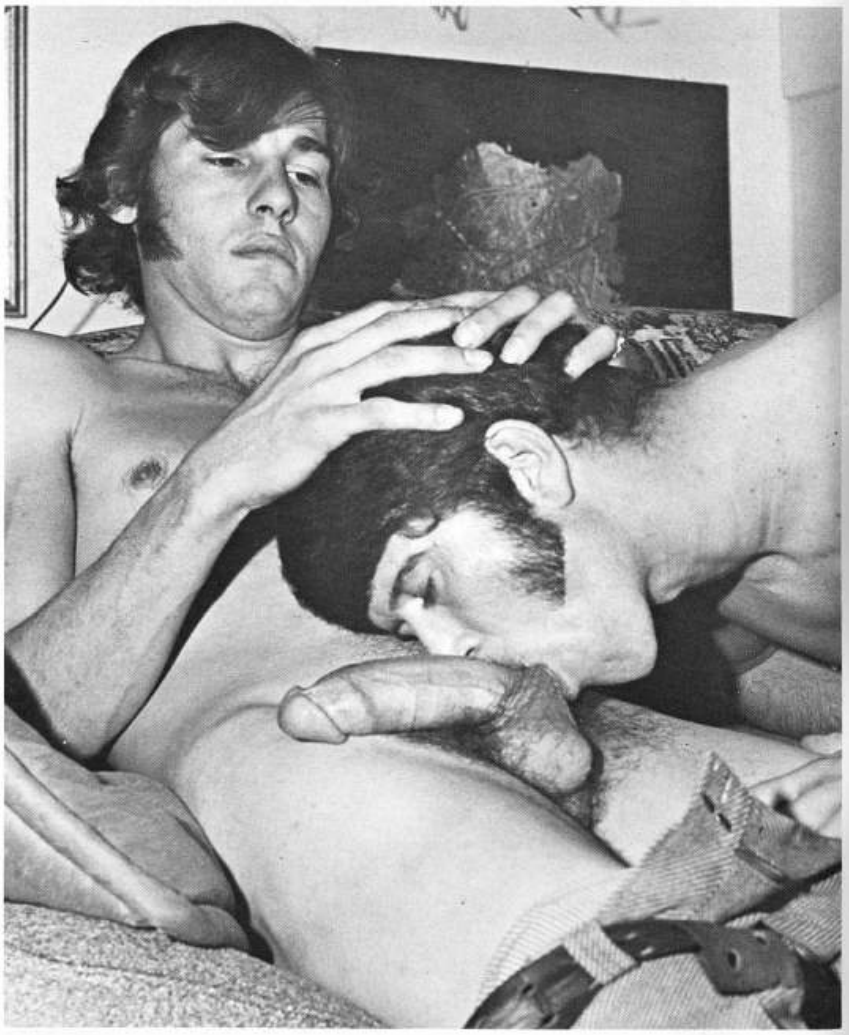

by FRANK GOLOVITZ

The fact that Peter Dale's Christmas party had been such a smashing success had been in very large part due to the three succulent youths he'd hired as waiters. Decorations and gifts had been gaily superb. The guests had mixed pleasantly without any shit-eating party games. And Peter's cooking had been, as they say, simply fabulous. That is, in a roomful of strangers, Rudy Purcell had enjoyed himself for once.

But Terry, Dean and Ace Angel, clad only in transparent briefs, and tiny Santa caps with a twig of mistletoe suspended above each, had been the life of the party, though by next day Rudy had almost forgotten that either Terry or Dean were there.

Small, blond Terry had gotten right into the spirit, making sure every guest had what he wanted to drink or eat, and delighting most of them at least once during the evening by bouncing into their laps for a quick kiss and disappearing back into the kitchen before any of them got more seriously stirred up.

Dean's handsomely dusky body was crowned with an Afro-style burst of black hair that set off an elegantly pale, pensive face. Quieter, he spent his time making a few shy individual guests feel very much at home.

Ace seemed to be everywhere, a chameleon face and body, acrobatic, ingratiating, endlessly in motion and sexy as hell, Which surprised Rudy—he still considered himself neutral to male beauty and charms.

Rudy was pretty damned sexy himself, though always in the past it had been the chicks that got in closest. He got appreciative looks from most other guests (the chicks at this party were mostly interested in one another) and propositions from three.

He'd come with photographer Jean Dessales, who'd just done several sessions with Rudy modeling men's store fashions. Rudy was the huskily trim, tawny type, a perfect clothes horse, Jean kept saying, handsome with a face that showed his endless hours in the Cote d'Azur sun, the tension of the pits and that world-famous crash at Monza. But during all the photo sessions, Jean had kept talking about how much better Rudy would photograph in the nude.

Rudy was proud of his body, but he didn't care for that kind of talk. He was a lady's man, still married, even if Cissy had walked out a month ago, and he hadn't found anyone else that really revved up his engine.

So Jean's remarks made his cheeks flush, and Jean raved about how much handsomer that made him look.

Twice he'd let Jean go down on him, figuring he owed the guy that

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Stinking Creek

much, even if it wasn't Rudy's scene, and hell, there wasn't anybody, male or female or whatever, that had ever had cause to complain about Rudy Purcell's driveshaft being unresponsive—except maybe old man Tercelli, which was why Rudy had dropped out of the international motor racing circuit.

Hell! Before Tercelli blackballed him, Rudy wouldn't have been wasting time on small scratch like modeling clothes for a department store's ads. At least he still had the Masaratti, and he'd invested enough that he could squeeze by and not work at all unless he wanted to.

Not that the job was unpleasant—except for Jean's damned hands, and his always putting Rudy in the kind of outfits that fit him so they gave him a roaring hard-on. He suspected that Jean was taking a pile of hard-on shots for private purposes, but what the hell? Anyhow, it sometimes took his prick a half hour to settle down so Jean could get shots fit to appear in a family newspaper.

Rudy hadn't wanted to go to the party at first. He'd been dragged along to gay parties by Tercelli, at Cannes and Capri, at Puerto Vallarta and Mikonos, until a bitter fight and a hangover had

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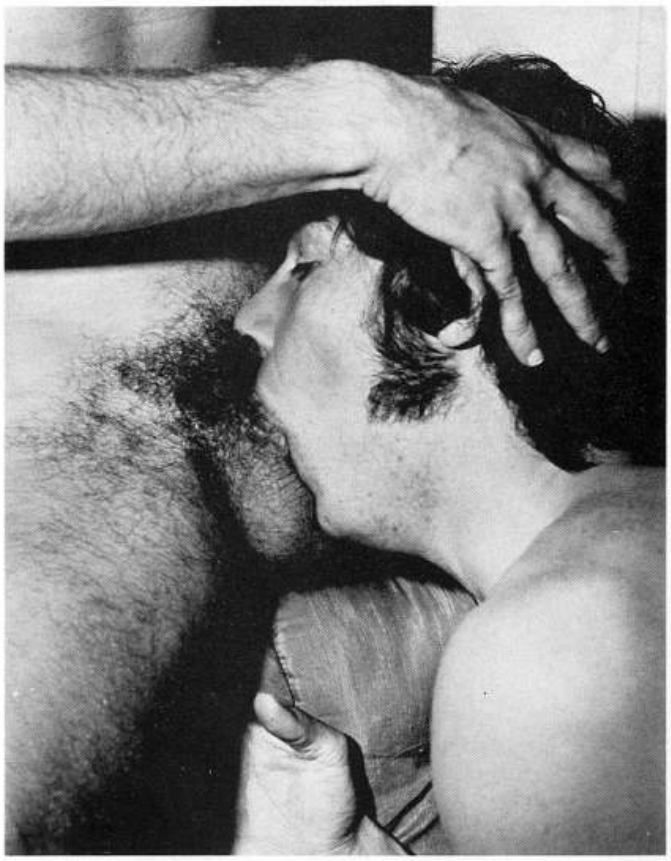

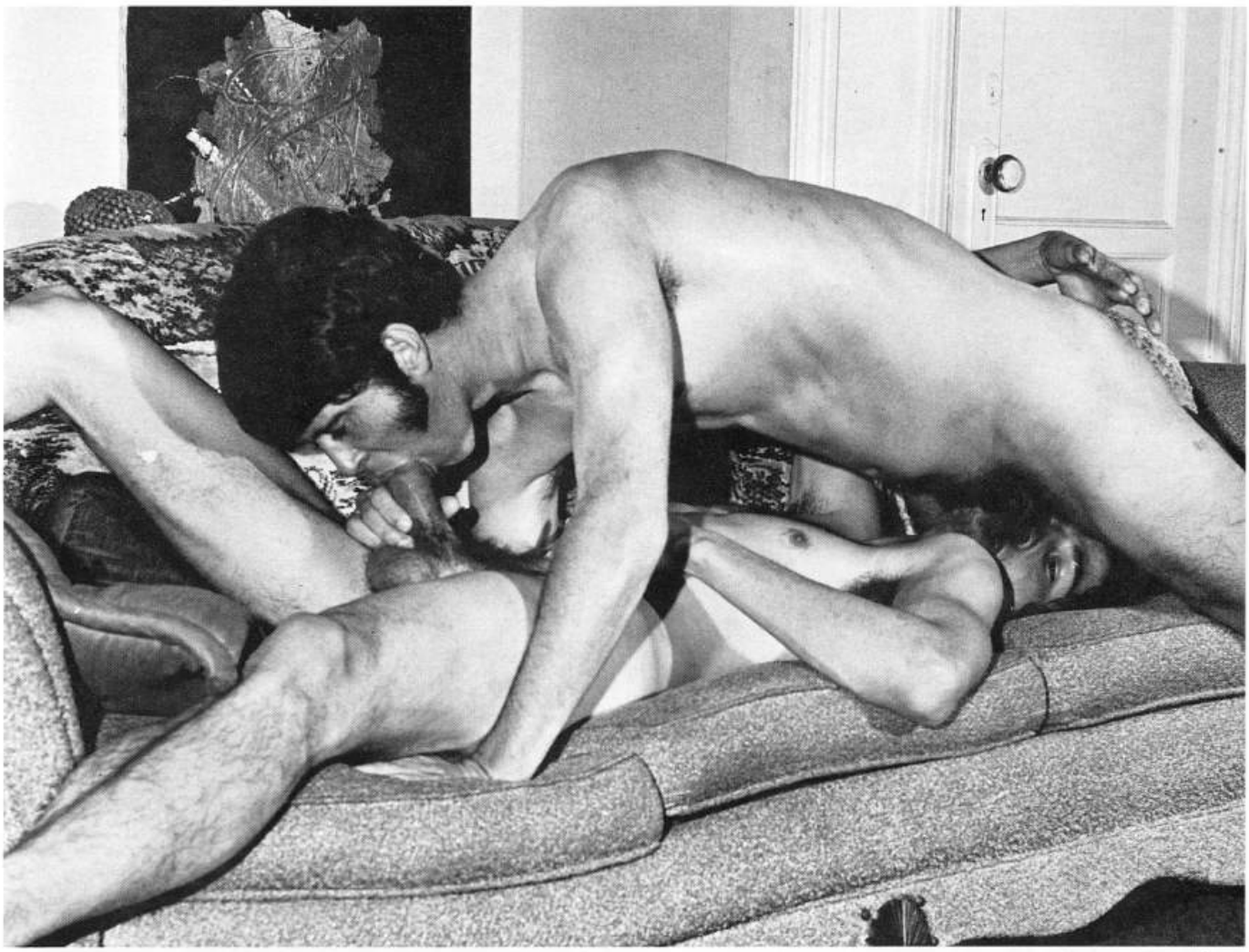

made him fuck Tercelli good in the *vingt-quatre heures* at Le Mans.

So he'd come out better than some. He had no serious scars. His name was in the record books for wins at the Targa Florio and Oporto, and the big one year before at Le Mans. And he'd enough invested he needn't starve, even if he couldn't travel first class.

But he'd really enjoyed this party, liked the people, even if none of them were international names, liked being introduced as a famous race driver, even if most of them were more interested in knowing who in the jet set was gay, rather than how it felt lying close to the ground and pushing a Ferrari around a dangerous track at over 200 km. But above all, he had liked Ace Angel.

Was it that Ace reminded him of one of the most famous names in the history of driving, who'd crashed fatally before he was old enough to vote, and whom Rudy had been so turned on by? Or was it just the overflowing zest with which Ace had flung himself around the room all night?

Terry and Ace had begun dancing after the party thinned out, a wild rock number with plenty of suggestive humping motions that had the remaining guests clapping and calling for them to "take it off!" That was about the time Dean had asked Peter if it was all right for him to go home now.

Rudy was a bit miffed at that. Quiet Dean had interested him, and Dean seemed to know something about the cruel sport, without having that breathless "fan" quality that often turned Rudy off. Rudy had been eyeing Dean's trim ass all evening, and though it surprised him, his prick had been really aching to get up in there.

But Dean had slipped out the door just as Ace and Terry had slipped out of their show-it-all briefs, and what had been very

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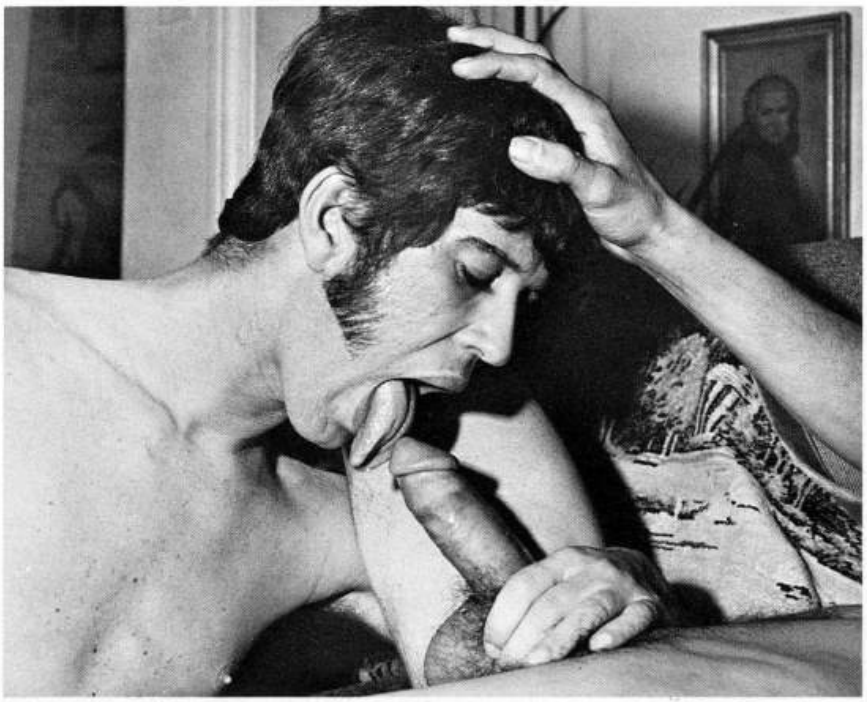

much on display all evening was now flapping around the room with their vigorous dancing. Ace took the lead, being naturally more energetic, less inhibited, and having a lot more to flap.

There were eight guests left. The dance was definitely seductive, or at least with Ace it was. Terry faded into the role of a sometime dance partner while Ace's mid-room gyrations impelled him first toward one then another guest, eyes and hips and that high-flying dangle offered in turn to each, selecting one tall, thin guy to concentrate on, making repeated long sliding steps that thrust his hips up onto the guest's lap.

It took maybe ten minutes of this for the tall guest to get bold enough to catch Ace's flying cock in his mouth. The dancing youth took this homage as his due, but never halted his dancing long enough to let things get serious. And his eyes and certain special motions always kept Rudy feeling that the dance was really for him.

Rudy was very stirred up. It was far from the first such dance he'd seen at gay parties, and many times the dancer had thrown it all Rudy's way. But Ace Angel stirred Rudy up in a way that no male ever had before.

* * * *

He'd determined to take the boy home, but the dance went on. More and more guests left, and in time Rudy himself left—Jean had been itching to go for over an hour. It was only some weeks later that he forgot his pride and asked Jean how he might get in touch with Ace Angel. He'd figured that his stock would fall several points with Jean at any suggestion of his wanting sex with another guy. Letting Jean have a bit, just as a favor, was something different. But this time Rudy wanted it, and wanted it bad.

Jean had shown little surprise. He phoned Peter Dale and reported back that an evening with Ace would cost $35—special price to any of the late party guests. Christ! Rudy'd never had to pay for it before, male or female, and it was a real bite in his present financial circumstances. But he didn't have a moment's doubt. He wanted this kid bad, even before Jean said that Peter mentioned that Ace'd asked several times about Rudy after the party.

They'd talked briefly at the party—one of the few times Ace had

sat still that long—with the kid talking about his own hot-rod experiences (one local race had resulted in several stitches in his face) but he supposed that wasn't anything like the thrill of a big race. . . .

Rudy had his own hot-rod memories and wasn't about to put them down.

So arrangements were made for Ace to come over two nights later, and Rudy couldn't believe how nervous he got waiting.

And there was some self-hate in his thoughts while waiting. Was he, an internationally famous lady's man, waiting to play wife to a cheap hustler? That was unfair to Ace, he knew. If the kid sold his body for sex, he had sold his own body to Tercelli, and both Tercelli and the crowd in the stands had had sex at least underneath their minds in their whole attitude to the sport. He had been just so much meat to all of them.

He'd had a lot of time to think these last few months. And he was getting to the idea that a liking for other men, a really sexual interest in them, had never been foreign to him, even though he'd had the idea that such an interest was effeminate and contemptible. Well, now he would see what sort of stuff he was made of. He was sure he had never found out much about himself in relations with Cissy, or Marie or Dolores or any of the others—and how many had there been? Hundreds? Kits, cats, sacks and wives. . . .

It was Rudy that was going to St. Ives. . . .

He was stripped down when Ace arrived, and for a long time they took it easy on the couch, talking about the international racing scene—Ace was familiar with most of the names about testing new models, fuels, motor innovations, weights and such.

Ace told of his childhood, and

the story was hauntingly similar to Rudy's, though the locations were different. The difference was that Tercelli had found Rudy at about the stage when Ace had begun hustling the tearooms in Lincoln Park. Rudy wasn't quite sure when he'd taken hold of Ace's hand. He knew, as soon as he noticed it, that it wasn't his sort of gesture. But he held on.

It took over two hours before he opened Ace's shirt to tease the few maddening hairs on the youth's chest.

"You know, I've had a hard-on ever since that party, mainly from thinking about you?"

"There's guys all over town that'd be glad to take care of that, and most of 'em don't charge."

"I haven't really wanted it with a guy before."

"You hung up about it not being right fer guys?"

"Not particularly. But I am married."

"So am I. It doesn't interfere with my doing what I know how to do."

The information that Ace was married made it suddenly seem a better, more manly thing to Rudy, and he quickly plowed into Ace's pants, loosening belt, pulling zipper down, drawing out the great meat and planting his lips on Ace's heavy balls.

Ace's hands felt good on the back of his head, urging Rudy to do what he wanted, but not pushing him to anything he wasn't ready for. Not that Rudy was unfamiliar with such matters. He'd had sex with guys long before Tercelli picked him up, and he'd even had one affair with one of the most world-famous race drivers—and Cissy had caught him in a compromising position.

He was amazed how much he wanted Ace's cock, had been wanting it ever since he'd seen it hiding in that silk-net G-string (though at that point he'd been a bit more interested in Dean, but

shit, Dean hadn't had the guts when things got past the teasing stage!) and he was trembling all over as his lips released the saliva-covered balls and tongue trailed up the underside of the mighty column, tongue moving back and forth across the dark cord, up to the unsheathed glans, pausing to taste the discoloration where the foreskin had been cut away, recognizing the whole apparatus as being considerably larger than his own, and not feeling jealous.

Before tasting the head, before going for the pearly drop of liquid hanging at the open gate, he diverted to the thick patch of long, wiry hairs, not a kinky mass of hair like his own. . . .

* * * *

Ace had known since he was eight years old that there was more than one type of man that preferred sex with other males. He got along with the queenly types, and could put on a pretty gay act himself—and it was only half acting. But he preferred masculine types, especially those who also preferred masculine lovers. Still, he was always surprised when a guy like Rudy, a guy who could make it with just about any fancy babe in the world, started to cross the fence. And he knew in his gut, though he hadn't given it much thought as yet, that this was an important crossing for Rudy Purcell.

For himself he was thinking it was just another trick, an unusually satisfying one perhaps, Rudy being such a handsome, masculine and cultured type, and flattering, because Rudy obviously really had a thing for Ace.

Ace had never objected to being liked, and if people liked Ace Angel, he always knocked himself out to please.

Then Rudy's mouth had settled, warm, moist, silky, over Ace's giant shaft, tongue twirling

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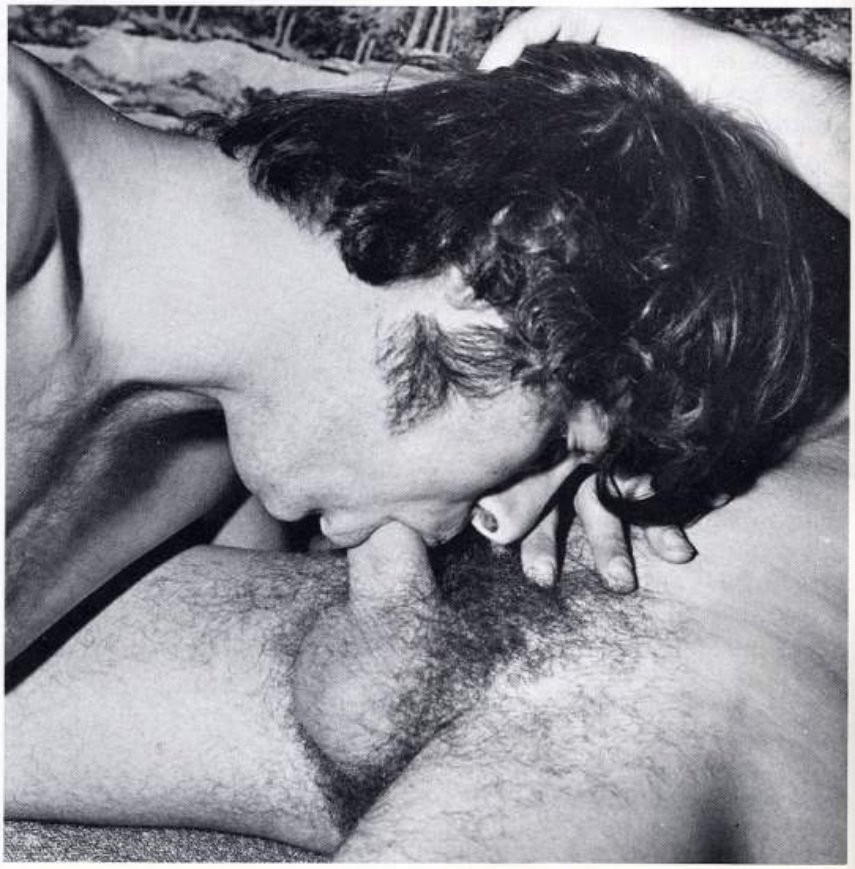

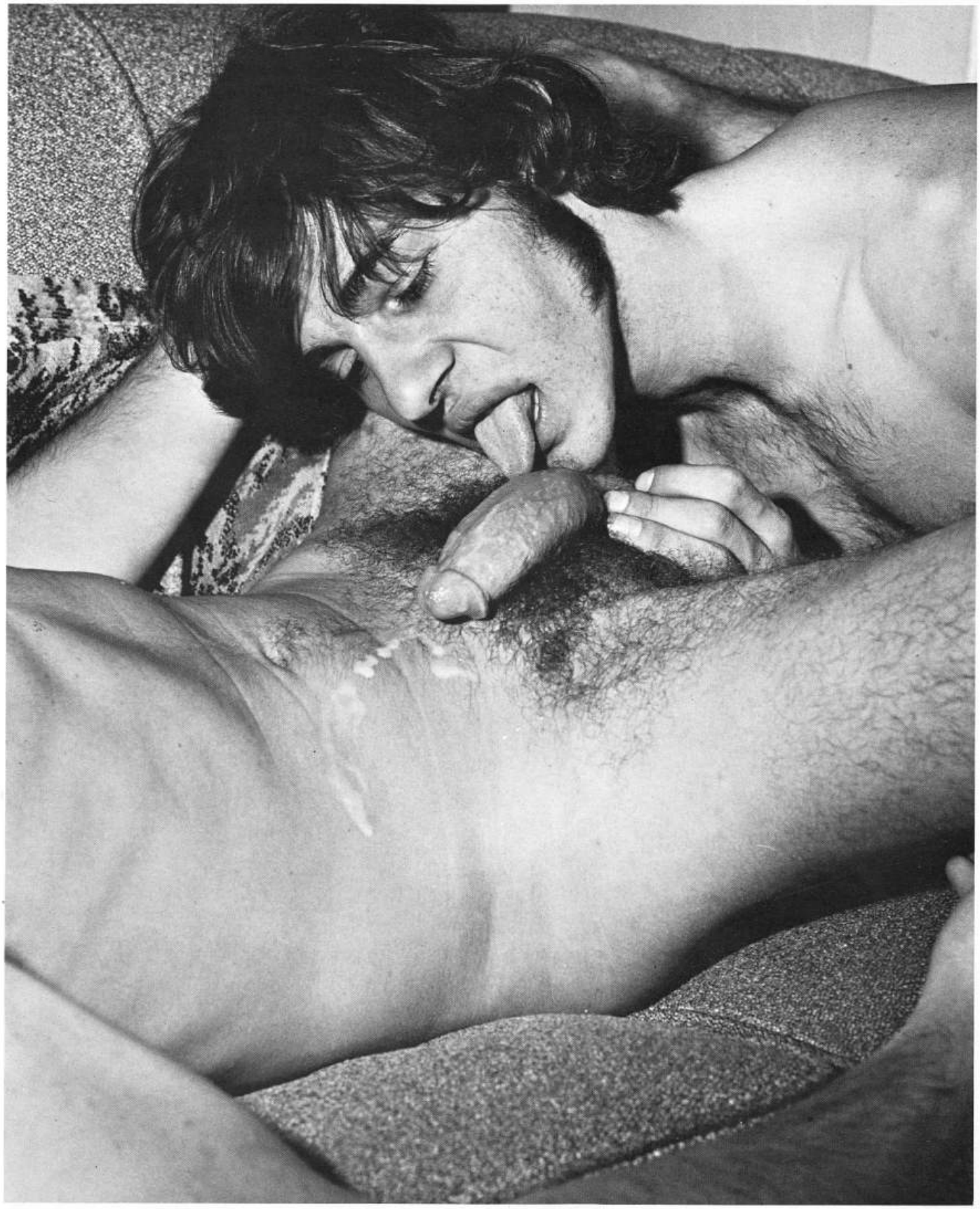

fat around the cockhead, lips sinking downward, leaking saliva, head pumping up and down, but sinking steadily to follow the rivulet of spit into Ace's pubic hair.

"Jesus, man! You sure know how!"

Rudy stopped and lifted his head off, letting the wet cock flop back onto Ace's belly.

"It ain't from having that much experience, though I ain't saying yours is the first prick I've ever sucked. It's just that yours inspires me in a way I wouldn't have believed possible."

"Thanks. You're sure free with the compliments." Ace dearly loved compliments.

"Take your pants off," Rudy said, giving him a smarting slap on the hip. "I want to start out with that thing up my butt."

"Have you had much experience with that? It ain't small."

"I know it ain't small. It's the biggest lollypop I've ever played with—though I'm no expert. And no, I haven't had any experience with that."

"I'll go easy. I know how. . . ."

"Did I say I wanted you to? Go easy, I mean?"

"It can hurt, bad."

"I want it to. I want you to fuck me."

"You got any Vaseline?"

"Yeah. In the bathroom cabinet."

"Well, you lay over the edge of

the bed and start relaxin yer butt. It could be serious if you don't relax."

Ace came back moments later with a large jar of Vaseline, knelt by the bed as Rudy drew his handsomely browned globes of butt-flesh apart. The scattering of curly black hairs around the pucker-hole, the dangling flesh-sac supporting the heavy eggs which dangled five inches below the anus, excited Ace, but not so much as the feel of his greased finger slipping into the tight hole, feeling the muscles grab at him.

"Loosen up," he warned. "I hope you know what you're lettin yerself in for."

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"Just fuck me, man! Drive that super-shaft of yours all the way in there. I been waiting for this for a long time."

Ace was surprised to find his cock had softened some, and he paused to jerk it up, anxious to pierce Rudy's butt.

"Hurry up, ya bastard," Rudy urged.

"Relax, baby. If ya relax it'll feel good, but if ya don't, then nothin you've ever felt is gonna hurt like this will."

"You crash a Ferrari into the stands at Monza and tell me about things hurtin. Come on, ram me."

"I'd gone soft some. Sorry. It's workin up again."

"My ass don't excite you?"

"Baby, you got one a the nicest asses I ever saw. Here I come!"

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Rudy screamed as Ace fell forward, driving the shaft true, splitting the resisting muscle open painfully, forcing glans and half of the shaft inward in the first thrust, into the suddenly on-fire cave, sending shocks of pain and glory all through Rudy's sturdy frame.

"Goddamn!" he howled, already starting to sweat.

Ace held steady, permitting the wounded sphincter to force the intruding mass halfway out.

"Keep going! Fuck me!"

"Does it still hurt?"

"Sure it hurts! I ain't scared of being hurt. Fuck me, man!"

And Ace fucked, with an abandon previously displayed in his dance at that Christmas party, but rarely in jabbing his weapon into another's sensitive and easily damaged asshole.

Rudy jerked in almost unbearable paining joy as the slick, thick shaft slid in and out of his rectum, punching mercilessly at his delicate prostate, stirring up his own balls, and his cock, compressed against the bed.

Suddenly Ace had slipped out.

"Don't stop now, baby," Rudy begged when he wasn't immediately speared again.

"Heist yerself up on the bed some and roll over. Think ya'll like it better that way."

Rudy did as he was told, with some shoving from Ace, who also lifted Rudy's legs before ramming the club back in through the now unresisting hole, back down hard into the hotness of Rudy's battered innards.

Ace arched his body beautifully back, giving his ramrod a different, more subtle kind of play inside Rudy's ass, pressing Rudy's knees back to the bed and inviting Rudy to take his own meat in hand.

The position had some of the same feeling of helplessness as being strapped reclining in a racing car, and he was getting dizzy with the tautness and vigor of Ace's

pile-driving body, with the sad look on the guy's face, and with that great club jamming in and out of Rudy's ass. The feeling now was pure heaven, even though there were still unbearably sharp pains every time the prong rammed his prostate.

Rudy could feel the invader heating up, swelling to new hardness inside him, throbbing. He could also feel things stirring in his own gut, feel his balls begin to roll and jerk as his prick hardened. He worked it wildly in his hand, felt his jism rise just as he felt Ace groan, jerk wildly and begin to coat his rectum with hot spurtings of man-juice, felt some of it leak out and trail down his raised rump, felt his own prick harden and jerk repeatedly as several blobs of cum shot out and fell to his belly.

He felt the hard muscle inside his ass relax.

"Oh, baby," he moaned. "Keep it in there. Goddamn, you're good!"

"You're pretty good yourself," Ace said heavily. "I don't often get to fuck guys as good-looking as you, and as masculine."

"Try to keep it in me," Rudy urged, pulling Ace down over him to kiss him, while tightening his sphincter to keep the softening meat from slipping out.

"I'm going soft. I don't think it'll stay in."

"You're a professional. Don't you know ways of staying hard?"

Then their lips locked in a hot, deep kiss, while Ace felt Rudy's half-soft meat and the slimy cum pressing against his stomach, felt his soft meat slipping out of the tightened hole.

Suddenly he was overcome with passion for the race driver, wild at the feel of the other's body, and his cock began to harden again, to begin its slide back up into the hole, to begin again its thrustings, hips swiveling while tongues each continued trying to shove the oth-

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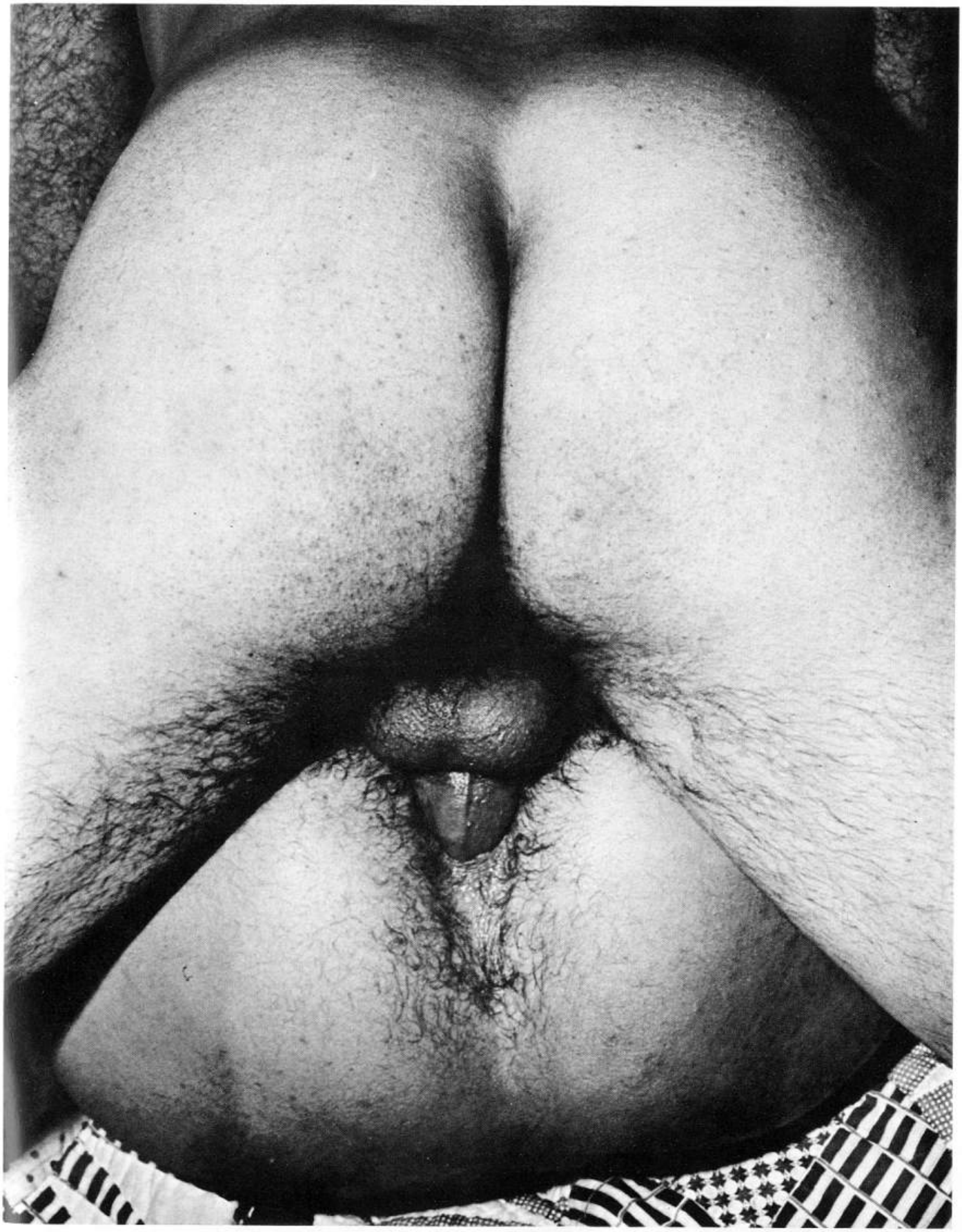

er aside, to fuck the other's mouth, to press deep into the other's throat, while arms hugged hard the other's hard body.

Only Rudy's legs ached. It was a possible position for getting fucked, but in close embrace–he was sure that both legs would be cramped in another minute. But that didn't matter as he felt Ace winning the battle of the kisses, as he felt Ace's amazing prong slide back into his rectum.

"Come on! Fuck me, baby!"

And Ace fucked.

But after a while, he whispered, "I think it's like to be a dry run this time. I gave you a lotta juice last time and I ain't sure I can come up with more this soon."

"Just keep pumpin. You've no idea how good that feels."

"I know what it feels like. Johns ride me as often as they want me to ride them, and some of them are hung even better'n I am–though not many." He laughed.

"OK if I hump you later on?"

"Sure! You're the one's paying." Then Ace wished he hadn't said that, because this was one of the times he wished almost he was doing it for free. He found himself almost wanting this guy for more than just a trick.

"Don't slow down," Rudy begged, hugging Ace down to him.

"You're something, man! I really like you."

"That makes two of us. I wish. . . ."

Then Ace's engines revved up and he moved to a second, wilder climax.

* * * *

There are dozens of positions, and quite a few of them were new to Rudy. He had been fairly inventive in finding new ways to ball his

chicks, but in the long run, the positions are different, and Ace taught him quite a few he'd never dreamed of.

Ace had originally said he could stay 'til 11 PM, but long past midnight they were still going at it without any mention of the clock. About 12:30 Rudy asked if Ace didn't have another trick.

"Fuck it!" Ace said, "I usually believe in being dependable, but this is more important, to me. I'd like to stay."

"Do you charge for overtime?" Rudy immediately regretted saying that, and apologized.

"No, if a guy's real neat I often throw in a coupla extra hours for free. But, look, why don't you just pay now for that part, and we can get that off our minds and see what happens when we just do it cause we like each other—if that's okay with you?"

"That's great with me!"

Then Rudy went back down on Ace, finding the cock quickly responsive, but working his tongue around after a few minutes, and a few compliments from Ace on what a strong, long tongue Rudy had, toward Ace Angel's hair-guarded hole. The hard tongue prodded inward and Ace writhed about on the bed (so goddamned alive, Rudy thought, so goddamned responsive!). The odor and then the slightly acrid taste surprised Rudy. It was a place he'd never wanted to put his tongue before, not even with a broad, and he was surprised to find that he liked it, that it made his cock rise.

And Ace, playing with Rudy's cock, said, "You want to fuck me now?"

Goddamn! How good Ace's hand felt squeezing his meat!

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"Yes," Rudy answered, huskily, swing his hips around and looking for the jar of Vaseline.

"Don't bother," Ace said. "I want to take it dry."

"Won't it hurt?"

"I want it to."

"You one of those masochists I've read about?"

"No," Ace laughed. "I just want to really feel you the first time you jab into me."

"I hope there'll be a next time," Rudy said, positioning his aching cock against Ace's upturned butt.

Ace gritted his teeth and closed his eyes as the hot hammerhead pressed against his dry hole, like trying to slide like rubber over rubber, too much friction.

"Shouldn't we use grease?" Rudy asked, feeling the pain already himself.

"Just shove," Ace whispered, and winced as the cockhead forced through the fire-ring.

Rudy paused, both of them perspiring, then rammed down, planting it all the way, and shooting his seed almost instantly, keeping hard and with his own seed for lubricant, continuing the fuck for a half hour.

Their bodies worked together, like no broad's had ever quite seemed to with Rudy, though he'd never admitted that before. And each was carried away by the texture of the other's skin, the angle of the eyes, the shaping of the jaw, the patternings of body hair, and the modulations of bone and muscle. Hot breath mingled with hot breath, and sweat with sweat. Cum that landed on the body became part of the common lubricant between them, and both their cocks remained almost perpetually hard.

The hot sex, spirited and acrobatic, with a lot of horseplay and teasing, and some friendly insults, continued 'til past three in the morning, and was resumed about

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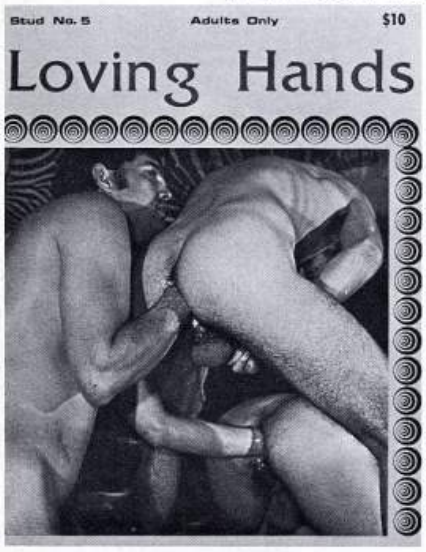
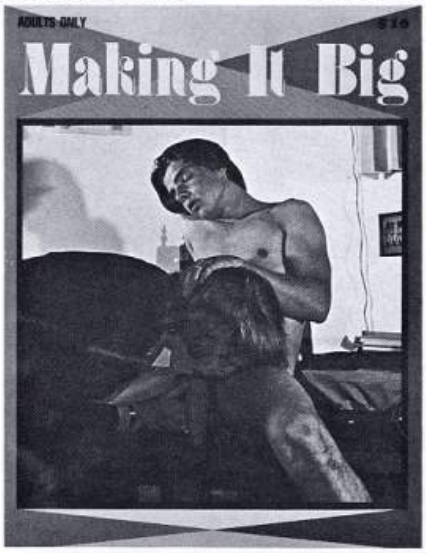


Loving Hands ☐



Making It Big ☐

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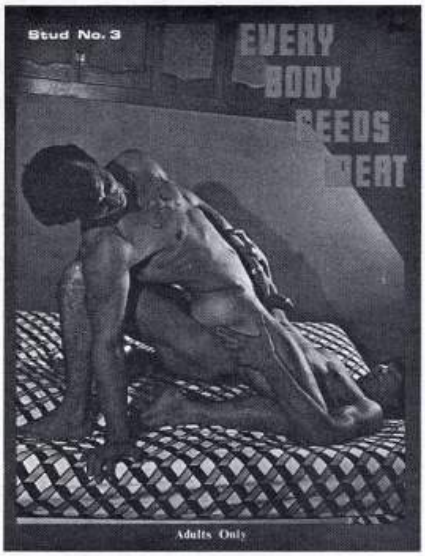
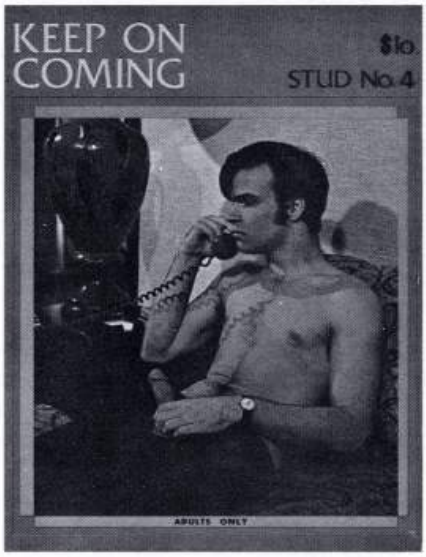


Every Body Needs Meat ☐



Keep On Coming ☐

Prickly Heat ☐

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6 AM when Rudy woke to find Ace in his arms, cock hard and throbbing against Ace's ass cheeks.

Ace took time out afterward to call home, then they went back to sleep, Rudy's softened meat trapped snug between Ace's cheeks.

It was afternoon when Rudy mixed up some eggs benedict, with bloody Marys.

They'd gotten their pants on, and Ace had half intended to head home, but then things got romantic, not hot sex so much as two proud men, jealous of their masculinity, wanting one another very much, very intimately, and each afraid that saying so would make him seem less than manly in the other's eyes.

It was a feeling neither had

known before, that neither quite trusted, a feeling too strong not to be expressed, but expressed less in specific words than in the more tender, more passionate way they handled one another, each trying to suck forth the other's soul.

About 4 PM: "I halfway think I oughta give your money back," Ace said. "I've done that once or twice, where I liked a guy so much I didn't feel right about gettin paid. . . ."

"Maybe it's better you keep it. Goddamn, man! I like you! Maybe I'm off my nut, but I've never felt like this before. . . ."

Ace kissed him again, a kiss that lingered in the mouth before trailing down the neck to hard nipples, down past navel to balls and back to Rudy's beautiful hands.

"Sex is a real funny thing when it gets serious," Ace said, getting up to fasten his pants, then reaching for his shirt.

"I'd like to come back . . . ?"

"I'll lay right here waiting."

Ace pretended huffiness. "Well, love, I wasn't exactly proposing marriage. Least I don't think so. But if I could come back tomorrow night?"

"Tomorrow, and tomorrow and tomorrow . . ." Rudy muttered.

"Creeps in this petty pace from day to day," Ace continued the quote in a rich stage voice, much to Rudy's astonishment. He was finding unexpected sides to this kid. . . .

"And all our yesterdays have lighted fools . . ." Rudy whispered as Ace went out the door.

Not For Sale To Minors